The Bloomfield Record.

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COLLAPSE OF CITY ELECTION No. 2.

Probably a Wind-up of the Anti-Borough Fight.

Argument was made in Newark on Saturday last before Judge Depue, on the application by Counsel of Glen Ridge Borough for a writ of certiorari in review of the proceedings of the Bloomfield Township Committee in ordering another election, by which it was expected to incorporate part of Bloomfield township and the entire Borough of Glen Ridge as a city.

Chandler W. Riker made the argument for the writ. In substance it was that the advertisement of the Committee had been improperly made in a Newark paper, there being two newspapers printed and published within the district proposed to be incorporated; also that the location designated for holding an election at the corner of Ridgewood Avenue and Snowden Place was indefinite, there being no building at said corner in which an election could be suitably held.

As a final objection to the holding of the election itself, Counsel for Glen Ridge made known to the Court that an appeal had been taken from the decision rendered in certiorari of the previous "City of Bloomfield election," held last August.

This was a revelation to the counsel for Bloomfield township. The possibility of such an appeal being taken had apparently never been anticipated and its production in court placed the Bloomfield lawyer in a bad predicament. It became immediately necessary that the scheme of holding the second city election should be abandoned. Accordingly it has been announced that the election will not be held as petitioned for and advertised for March 31st.

No new line of anti-borough action has been indicated, and the probability is that no further resuscitation of this costly and altogether abortive attack on Glen Ridge Borough will be undertaken.

The wisest thing that Bloomfield can now do is to let Glen Ridge have a fair opportunity to prove the wisdom or unwisdom of maintaining a separate municipality.

A Serious Mistake.

Editor Bloomfield Record:

Without wishing to add anything to the innumerable letters which have been written concerning the Bloomfield-Glen Ridge difficulty, I would like to suggest what seems to a disinterested party as a most mistaken policy for the township to adopt. At the school meeting recently held in Bloomfield, Mr. Stout, the leader of the township coterie which has unsuccessfully attacked the Borough during the past year, insisted upon the naming of a resident of Glen Ridge as a member of the School Board. With such names as Pancoast, Sherman, Gallagher, Oakes and Dane to choose from, Mr. Stout named as the Glen Ridge member of the Board, E. A. Smith. Of course in Bloomfield we all appreciate Mr. Smith's excellent qualities, his unfailing interest in whatever will aid Bloomfield at the expense of any of its outlying districts, but we must say that as a conciliatory measure his nomination was most unfortunate. He has persistently, unremittingly and in season and out of season not only attacked the Borough, but insulted those who were most active in the direction of its affairs, not even sparing their wives and families. See communications signed by him in the Bloomfield Citizen during the past year; also his remarks at the Glen Ridge school meeting early in the spring, which as reported, were not of a conciliatory nature. It is also reported that he is the sole supporter in the Borough of the existing "ring," as the unfaithful call it, which has controlled the affairs of Bloomfield during the past few years. Whether this be true or not, it hardly seems to be in the line of compromise, brotherly affection and fair dealing to put Mr. Smith forward, to represent Glen Ridge, even in a Bloomfield School Board. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Stout's action is that he agrees with some other people, that Mr. Smith represents no one, at any time, and therefore that Glen Ridge need not feel offended by his election. But was it really good politics on the part of Mr. Stout?

OBSERVER.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE KENTUCKY EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The Poor English Governess—American and English Women—Ida May Spencer, The New Woman—Women of Sweden. Seasonable Hints and Timely Gossip.

One of the most noted women in America is Miss Laura Clay, president of the Kentucky Equal Rights association. She is the daughter of the venerable General Cassius Marcellus Clay, who gained an international reputation as an abolitionist before the war and as United States minister to Russia during the rebellion. Miss Clay's mother was a daughter of the late Dr. Elisha Warfield of this city, one of the foremost men of his time. Miss Clay inherits the strong mentality of both the Clay and Warfield families, and as a clear thinker and convincing reasoner she stands without a peer. She has so far refrained from allowing a picture of herself to be printed, and the accompanying likeness is the first one that has ever appeared in a newspaper. As will be seen, she bears a striking resemblance to her distinguished father.

Although one of the busiest women in the country, Miss Clay submitted to an interview, in which she treats in her clear, logical style of the needs of the women of today and of the benefits which she thinks will follow the enfranchisement of women.

"What caused you to become an advocate of equal rights for women?" the reporter asked.

"While I was still in my teens," she replied, "even my limited observation of life taught me that woman must have greater financial independence, and hence greater industrial opportunities, to obtain the freedom necessary for mental and moral strength. Dependent beings evidently must be, more or less, mere reflections of those upon whom they depend. Therefore, if women allow themselves to owe men obligations greater than men's reciprocal obligations to them, they must assume a weak mental and moral attitude, bringing in attendant evils upon the whole of society, for however highly men's judgment and conscience may be developed they cannot assume women's responsibilities, so whatever dwarfs women's development injures society. After I saw that women ought to have equal rights with men in educational and industrial advantages I did not at once perceive clearly that they should enjoy the same political rights. I had the idea, which is still so prevalent among my sex, that politics was not the 'sphere' for women, and that going to the polls was derogatory to womanly delicacy, which was worthy to be protected even by the sacrifice of what was indisputably an abstract right. But further observation and reflection soon convinced me that under the pressure of false social theories and the weight of unqual laws, unequal because made only by men, essential woman delicacy and worth were continually sacrificed, and that nothing could avail to protect womanhood from such dangers except for conscientious women firmly to claim equal rights everywhere, including the right of helping to make the laws, and by their own womanly exercise of the franchise to demonstrate that politics belongs to women's sphere as well as to man's."

"How long have you been engaged in this work?"

"Though very early I avowed my belief in equal rights, circumstances did not permit me to engage in any systematic work for these principles till 1888, when I helped to organize an equal rights association in Lexington. Later in the same year the Kentucky Equal Rights association was formed. I was elected its president and have been re-elected each year since. The object of the association is to advance the industrial, educational and legal rights of women and secure the franchise to them by appropriate state and national legislation.—Lexington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

MISS LAURA M. CLAY.

The Poor English Governess.

The pathos of advertisements is not confined to what are popularly known as the agony columns of the daily papers. To the thoughtful mind there is convincing evidence of a constant stream of suffering and of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick to be found in the innumerable applications for employment by all sorts and conditions of advertisers. A notable and typical example of the terrible reality of the struggle for life is to be discerned in a recent notification in a daily paper by the wife of a well known man of letters. The lady in question, after stating that she had selected a nursery governess, went on to "inform the 700 other candidates that the photographs with which stamps were sent will be presently returned."

Seven hundred other candidates! And how many applications would the lady have received if she had advertised for a thoroughly competent high class cook? The experience of family folk who have known what it is to want a cook and a governess will supply the answer to that question with sufficient accuracy but what a serious indictment against our social system does this advertisement prefer! To be a governess—even to be a nursery governess—a young woman must have some pretensions—more or less plausible—to education and to gentility.

Probably there is not one among all those 700 who would not be indignant at the suggestion that she would have done better to have been content with the kitchen rather than to have aspired to the superior social eminence which entitles her to be addressed as "miss." And just because she has had that aspiration, and because she has acquired that smattering of education which has unfitted her for domestic service, she is condemned to discover that nobody wants her. Our philanthropists might do worse than apply themselves to the solution of the problem what to do with all young women, of whom those 700 are but an infinitesimally small fraction.—London Graphic.

American and English Women.

Mr. Hall Caine says of his stay in the United States: "Many of my impressions of America, by the way, toppled down like a child's house of cards when I found myself actually in the country and among the people. A delightful nation to study is America—fresh and frank and full of originality. Of course, we all know and have always known, for the last century, at least, that Americans are clever, but we can't realize until we go among them and see them in their homes how kindly, how young of heart, they are as individuals."

Of American women in general he deems "it is only natural they should have become what they are—superior, intellectually, or, at any rate, so officially so, to the men. That is, of course, as a class. There are always so many exceptions to every rule. But the thing has come about as a consequence of man's putting woman—American man, American woman—on a pedestal, and worshiping her. He has staied below the pedestal and worked for her, not having time, if he was the ordinary man of business, to cultivate his mind and manner while he so worked. But she has had plenty of time, and she has made the best use of it. In our own country I consider that the reverse is the truth. The average Englishman is superior to the average English woman in intelligence and education. That is because he is likely to think of himself, and of his sons, before he thinks of his wife and daughters. And English women have conscientiously upheld him in his attitude toward them, until comparatively lately, at any rate. In America, on the contrary, I fancy that women have known their own value, and set it rather high, for a number of years—a couple of generations, at least."

In personal appearance Mr. Caine finds our women "prettier, more attractive, more bewitching, than English women, but not so regularly beautiful. The straight, almost Greek nose and the inoffably lovely and haughty upper lip of the most perfect type of English girl I have not seen equaled in America, I must say."—Providence Journal.

Ida May Spencer.

There lives in Edgerton, Wis., a young woman, Ida May Spencer, who is an expert jeweler. She is in partnership with her father, the sign reading, "John Spencer & Daughter, Jewelers and Opticians."

Having determined to adopt the jewelry business as a profession, she entered in the fall of 1887 the Horological school at La Porte, Ind. While there she competed with some of the veterans in the business for a prize, a gold medal, to be given to the one turning the best balance staff in the shortest time. She won the medal. Two of the judges were from New York and one from Chicago. Her teacher told her that, in all probability, if they had known she was a woman they would not have awarded her the prize. He also remarked that, though fairly entitled to it, he feared it would not be a good advertisement for the school. After learning the trade, her coworkers feared she would not be able to get a situation on account of her sex. However, the teachers, knowing she was fully competent, gave her recommendations. During the summer of 1893 she studied to become an optician, attending lectures in Boston. This branch she has found very profitable. At the time Miss Spencer took up the work there were probably not more than a half dozen women engaged in the occupation.—Woman's Journal.

The New Woman.

And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.—II Kings xxi, 13.

With this text the Rev. Phebe Hanaford, in her lecture at the house of Mrs. Maria McCullough, 317 West Eighty-second street, proved that man's sphere is also in the kitchen.

"If those men who are forever flaunting in our faces the texts of St. Paul in which he forbids women to speak in the churches would read this text, they would find out where some of the kitchen work belongs," said Mrs. Hanaford.

"Every one is not a wife; hence the absurdity of the idea that woman's whole duties are household ones.

"The very mental traits specially characteristic of women—i. e., intuition—is much better fitted to these days of rapid locomotion than man's slower method—reasoning.

"The day of reproach for our sex is well nigh over, and among the ones of whom we are the proudest are those who were formerly called the superfluous women. This is not meant to decry marriage. The new woman makes the best wife, but she will demand of her husband the same fidelity and purity that she practices herself."—New York Herald.

Women of Sweden.

Miss Sophia Leyonhufvud (later Baroness Adlersparre) and Mrs. Rosalie Olivecrona started an Association in 1883

Some of the new poke bonnets have already been in evidence on several heads among the fair New Yorkites. It is significant that only the most pretty women have had the courage to appear in them.

BEND LOW AND HARK.

Bend low and hark with me, my dear,
How the winds sigh!
A voice is on them that I fear—
It brings the bygone days so near,
Like a soul's cry.

Those whom we bury out of sight,
How still they lie!
Beyond the reaches of the light,
Outside the realm of day and night—
Do they not die?

Shall we unbar the long closed door,
You, dear, or I?
Could love be what it was before
If we should call them back once more
And they reply?

Would they life's largess claim again?
They draw too nigh?
O winds, be still! You shall not pain
My heart with that long hushed refrain
As you sweep by.

The dead have had their shining day—
Why should they try
To listen to the words we say,
To breathe their blight upon our May?
Yet the winds sigh.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

HE CRACKS A WHIP.

But He Is a Phenomenal Artist In the Use of the Lash.

A decided sensation has been created in Vienna by a man who probably stands alone in the world in his particular line of performance. This gentleman's name is Pleiskug, and he is an Austro-Hungarian by birth. He is an expert, or, rather, a phenomenal artist, in the use of the whip.

The first thing he does is to take a long lashed, stout handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

More interest, however, is evinced when he seizes a vicious looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force there lies in a whip lash in the hands of an expert.

A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and, swinging the lash round his head, lets fly at the calfskin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Any one in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

A still more difficult feat is the snapping off coins from a narrow necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of half a crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it.—Vienna Letter.

She Didn't Want Them to Fight.

I was going along a bridle path in West Virginia when I heard a young man and a young woman talking earnestly:

"I don't want yo' all to fout," said the girl.

"But yo' done promised to marry the one thet whopped," remonstrated her escort.

"I don't keer. I didn't think no way."

"Well, maybe neither of us'll get shot."

"I don't keer."

"If one got killed, you'd marry t'other?"

"Yaas."

"An if both got killed thar's plenty more wants yo'."

"Yaas; thar's Sam, an I think a heap of Sam. But that ain't it. S'posin one gits killed and t'other gits crippled so he kain't tote water from the spring. You've both done promised to tote the water if I marry yo'. Kain't yo' all play keards, fer I kain't abide to marry a cripple nohow, an I'd be bound if yo' all had the fout."

"Well, I'll see Tom, but I'm afeard he kin beat me at keards, but I kin outshoot him sho'." — Philadelphia Times.

How Sand Hills Grow.

A sand hill is not "made" so much as planted. Wherever a patch of "marrum grass" takes root, there the sand blown from the great bank gathers round it. As the sand spreads, the grass grows through it, until the hard dry blades form the nucleus of thousands of tons of "hills." Near Holkham bay there lay not 40 years ago a wet "lake" inside the high sand. There the "gunners" used to hide for curlew, digging holes and filling them with "marrum grass" to make them dry and comfortable. This grass took root, the sand gathered round, and where the "lake" lay is now a tumultuous mass of rounded hillocks, rising 20 feet above high water level—built by the "marrum grass" from the surplus driftings of the mighty sand.—London Spectator.

Made Them Cry.

Talker—When I lectured, there was not a dry eye in the audience.

Walker—Indeed, and what was your subject?

Talker—I had been addressing a school of cookery and giving a practical illustration of how to peel an onion.—London Tit-Bits.

The jiggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and in another sense in the conclusion.—Coleridge.

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JACK'S TRUE YARNS.

THE OLD NORTH WOODS GUIDE TELLS TWO GOOD STORIES.

How He Captured a Bear With No Weapon But His Boot Toes—He Was Once Saved From Freezing by a Bottle of Kerosene and Some Matches.

Jack Ormiston is still alive to tell some of the most wonderful tales that are heard in the Adirondacks. Jack has been a guide for some 80 years, ever since he has been big enough to carry a pack basket. He is tall and loose jointed, and his muscles are as hard as hickory knots. His black grizzled beard covers nearly all of his broad face. A pair of small, blinking black eyes do most of the talking for him, but when he is properly aroused he can spin a tale at the camp fire that will startle the screech owls and frighten the wailing loons down on the lake shore.

"Yer've heerd some of the fellers say, I don't yer, how I kotched that old bear by the tail?" asked Jack.

We assured him that we never had, and it was strictly true, because he had told us a dozen or more times himself.

"Waal, yer must know where Tully Pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't kotch a bear mighty queer there one fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on that job, I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point wuz the toe end of these boots. I wuz comin down this way along ther trail when I heerd a rustling overhead in a tall pine. Golly, when I looked up, kinder quick, like ways, fer I feerd somethin wuz goin ter drop, I see a mighty big bear comin along one of the limbs toward the trunk.

"He started ter come down the trunk back end first, winkin at me. My gun wuz over at camp. I didn't have a thing with me, and Jim wuz half a mile back on the trail. That bear I could see had a variety that would bring me somethin like $30, with the bounty. I didn't care ter have him run away, nor did I want ter shake hands with him and pass the time of day with him till Jim came along and put him asleep with a bullet. So I made up my mind some way or other ter make the bear warn't half way down the trunk when I rushed at him, took him by the [illegible] and pulled him down. I would do ter come in sight, so when I got ter the foot of the tree there warn't nothin but one thing fer do. I just hauled off and kicked that bear.

"It wuz the first experimentin of the kind I ever heerd of, and by gosh it beat anything I ever see. The bear clawed hard inter the bark and snapped at me. He was easin up a bit with his nails when I swung him another and another. I yelled for Jim and swung again. I yelled six times, kickin between every yell. Then Jim answered, and I kept up yellin and kickin, first with one boot and then the other. The bear didn't drop an inch. Just as he passed up a little bit I swung again. Gosh! It seemed as if Jim wuz takin his time comin along that trail. Just as I swung the forty-ninth kick Jim come in sight. I dropped flat on my back. Jim popped one inter the bear, and it flopped over on ter me. Jim wuz the most surprised man yer ever see. It wuz two hours before I could prove ter him that I wuz tellin the truth about that bear."

Then Jack piled another log on the fire and started in on a new tale.

"This spring I come near bein done fer," he said. "Kerosene kept me in pickle long enough ter get near a fire, and then I wuz all right again."

We wanted to know if kerosene oil wasn't a new beverage for him.

"No, I didn't drink none," he continued. "I started ter cross Brandy brook on a log. I wanted ter cut off a three mile walk around by the trail. The water wuz high, and there wuz a strong current running out inter the lake. This log wuz about a foot and a half through. I rolled it off with the stream. I tucked my breeches in my boots and straddled the log. I hadn't kicked a dozen strokes before I got out inter the swift water, and then I could see I wuz in fer it. I kicked ter back up again ter the shore, but it wuz no use, so I let it go. It came on dark, and my feet began ter freeze. My old boots had been well greased, but the water dripped in at the tops and soaked my stockin's. I tried kickin harder ter keep my blood stirred up. I drifted over toward Bear mountain, and knew that if the wind kept up I would land somewhere before midnight. Just as I wuz gettin almighty froze I thought of a bottle of kerosene I had to oil my gun. Yer can bet I wuz wishin it wuz somethin more cheerin than kerosene oil. A little alkehal and sugar at that time would er slipped down inter them boots from the inside and melted them frozen toes, but there warn't nuthin but kerosene. I poured it half and half inter each boot, and I know it helped ter make me easy fer a time. But by and by it seemed ter me the oil must be freezin too. It wuz lucky I had my old matchbox along in my vest pocket, high and dry, fer then the idea struck me that if I lit a match and sent it down inter the oil it would warm things up some. There warn't much else ter do er think erbout. I wuz makin fer Bear Mountain island slow, but steady. If I didn't get there till midnight, my feet would both be froze off, so I made up my mind ter try the matches. Lucky fer me my boots had wide tops so I could send the lit match right down ter the bottom where it 'ud do the most good. Well, sir, the first match in the right boot did the trick fine. It took fire and thawed things out quicker'n I thought. Blisters raised all over, and when it all got scalded all comfortable I wriggled around and put out the fire. Then I tried it on the left foot, and it worked just as well. There wuz enough matches left to start a fire on the island when I drifted in there toward 12 o'clock."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Miss Franc Baker of Morenci, Mich., has written a history of the Women's Foreign Missionary society of the M. E. church.

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Statement January 1, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and Mortgages	$207,500.00
Morris and Essex Bonds	62,700.00
United States and all other Bonds	56,981.30
Cash in Banks and Office	45,539.20
Interest due and accrued	5,281.71
Real Estate	3,000.00
Office Furniture	500.00
	$371,502.21

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors including interest	$347,018.60
Taxes unpaid	11.75
Surplus	24,471.96
	$371,502.31

Interest commences on the first day of every month.
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